

WOMAN EDITOR'S TRIALS.

Was Thoroughly Discouraged with Journalism—Wanted to Step Down.
The beautiful young girl who had graduated only a year before with the highest honors rushed into the family sitting-room and flung herself with a storm of sobs upon the sofa.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her father, soothing her gently. "Has anything happened to discourage you?"
"Papa," said the maiden, raising her tear-stained face, "I am done with journalism forever. When you allowed me to purchase that weekly paper I thought that no occupation on earth could be so noble, so elevating and powerful to scatter good and wisdom throughout the world. When I began editing the paper everything appeared bright and rose-colored."

"My editorials were praised by the entire Texas press, and I got flattering words of encouragement from even the large dailies. I was, oh, so proud of the fact that, although a woman, I had been admitted as an equal member of the great brotherhood that exercises such an influence upon the mind and morals of the people. Last week I wrote a general criticism of an article that appeared in a little weekly in another county. This, papa—this is what I find in the next issue of that horrid paper."

The lovely girl handed her father the paper and buried her head upon the sofa pillows, while he read the following:

"We would say to the loathsome, knock-kneed, piebald jabberwack that infests the editorial dugout of the Weekly Herald—keep your shirt on! The disgusting, idiotic drivel that emanates from the clapper-pawed, squirrel-headed, slab-sided puddle duck that spoils paper for that sewer pipe of journalism should get a pair of buckskin, kick-proof pants, or else quit squirting such jobs of back-handed purified slime at decent papers. If the hump-backed, putty-faced vermin referred to doesn't like our remarks we will call any day and scatter a few locks of hair and brass buttons around said Herald office or forfeit a year's subscription."

"Papa," said the girl graduate, in a small but decided voice, "I want you to buy me a cook book and some long aprons; I'm going to stay at home and help mother about the house."—Houston Post.

A Towel of Blotting Paper.
The most curious use to which paper is to be put is that suggested by the recent patenting of a blotting paper towel. It is a new style of bath towel, consisting of a full suit of heavy blotting paper. A person upon stepping out of his morning tub has only to array himself in one of these suits, and in a second he will be as dry as a bone.

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THE FAMILY STORY

LOVE IS EVER YOUNG.

By the middle of the week her whole mood changed. She felt hurt, deeply hurt. There seemed to be no reason, no excuse for such neglect. To think that she was 64, but that at 64 she looked not a day over 48, and a blooming 48 at that.

True, her hair was silver, but what a waving wealth of silver! And it was not sent to soften wrinkles either. She wore as many of these ornaments as it is legitimate to wear at 48, and no more. Oh, she was certainly a wonderful woman for her age, was Mrs. Joseph Allestree!

Quaint, indeed, she appeared, particularly on a certain evening, standing in the old square portico, with the sun shining straight under the trees into her face.

The house at her back was low and long. It stood endwise to the lazy little river that flowed at the foot of the abruptly sloping lawn. On the other side, at the end of a long, shady avenue, was a gate with an old-fashioned wooden arch over it, concealed by vines.

It was toward this gate that Mrs. Allestree looked, leaning forward eagerly, like a girl, one hand shielding her eyes from the level sunbeams. She wore white—think of her daring to wear white! She was watching for Joseph. He had gone down to Stoneton—only a mile distant—for the post at 5 o'clock. That was two hours ago. Joseph did love dearly to gossip with the old farmers and shopkeepers, but he really ought to remember dinner time.

But Joseph had not forgotten his dinner. At this very minute the gate opened and his little gig rolled in, followed by three enthusiastic dogs—a St. Bernard and two red setters.

Mr. Allestree, after embracing his wife as if he had just returned from a year's journey, went in with her to dinner, and Mr. Allestree was—but I will not describe him; simply he was everything that the husband of Mrs. Allestree should have been. Forty-two years had gone by since their marriage and in all that time they had never been separated a single day.

"Dearest," said Mr. Allestree as they sat down, "I owe you an apology for my tardiness, but it couldn't be helped. I got a letter calling me away on an important matter, and I had to stop to attend to some things in the village. I must go immediately—to-morrow."

"Oh, that Perley affair," she said, glancing over the page. "But, Joseph, can't you put it off? Remember, the Kennedys are coming in the morning to stay over Sunday."

"I cannot, Henrietta. It's got to be attended to at once."

"But, Joseph, you can't go without me. You know you never did such a thing."

"I am afraid I must do so this time," he replied mournfully. They sat in silence for some minutes. Twice Mrs. Allestree wiped away a sly tear with her napkin. At length, bravely assuming a cheerful aspect, she asked: "How long will you be gone?"

"I can't possibly reach London, accomplish all I want to and get home again in less than ten days."

"Joseph, it will kill us both."

"Ah, no, my dear," he laughed; "it won't quite do that. At least, I hope not. It will be very, very hard. But think, my love, we were apart for five long years once on a time."

"Ah, Joseph," with a sob in her voice, "that was before we had ever lived together. We only knew each other by letter, you know."

"And a mighty comfort did we take out of those same letters. Isn't it strange that in two and forty years we should never have had occasion to write to one another? Not since you were Henrietta Shower?"

"It is a singular circumstance," she replied. "Yes, we can write. Do you know, Joseph, the thought of it already consoles me a little. It will be such a delightful novelty."

It was a good thing for Mrs. Allestree that she expected visitors. But after the guests had departed her condition was pitiable. Especially as no letter had come.

Mr. Allestree had gone away early on Saturday. Now it was Tuesday. She had managed to be patient over the Sabbath, but on Monday morning, when Jimmy came up from Stoneton empty handed, she had refused to believe that he had not dropped the letter or that the postmaster had not overlooked it.

There were only two deliveries in the twenty-four hours, and at the evening the same performance was repeated.

On Tuesday Mrs. Allestree went herself to Stoneton and delivered a severe lecture to the postmaster upon the general indifference of government officials, thereby greatly annoying the poor man.

Mr. Framwell began to dread the hours of delivery. Twice a day, whatever the weather, Mrs. Allestree presented her handsome, anxious face at the window.

When he handed out the post to her and she found not the letter she longed for, an angry face it was that peered in at him, and a stern—albeit well bred—voice that demanded of him to hunt through every box, lest perchance he had made some error in distributing.

The deserted, neglected wife must blame somebody, and she would not blame her husband. She did not at first even dream of blaming Joseph.

By the middle of the week her whole mood changed. She felt hurt, deeply hurt. There seemed to be no reason, no excuse for such neglect. To think that she was 64, but that at 64 she looked not a day over 48, and a blooming 48 at that.

She could not have the consolation of writing to him, for he had left no address, there being an uncertainty about the very part of London in which that troublesome Perley was living.

It was the way of men, and he, it seems, was not better than the rest of them. Once out of her sight he forgot—forgot all the love and daily devotion of forty-two years.

By Saturday morning Mrs. Allestree was ill—ill enough to go to bed. Jimmy had to fetch both posts, and, after delivering in person the first one, he vowed to Molly that he would not approach Mrs. Allestree again while Mr. Allestree was away.

All day Sunday Mrs. Allestree lay silent in a dark chamber. Molly could not get a word from her, nor would she eat. It was almost restful to be so weak. True, she was in despair. She had given up all expectation of seeing Joseph again, but, compared with the bewildering tossings of vain conjecture, her present state was one of quietude and peace.

But by Monday morning she was suffering torments once more. She felt that if Jimmy returned without either Joseph or a letter she would surely die, and, indeed, she nearly died as it was.

When the wheels rolled again upon the gravel, Mrs. Allestree sat up in bed. She was whiter than her hair. No voices were heard below. She clutched her heart and gasped. But presently a door opened and a step came up the stairs. It was the step of Joseph. As he entered the room she fell back among the pillows.

"My dear Henrietta, what's all this?" He looked around almost accusingly upon the two frightened women, as if he had caught them in the act of assassinating their mistress.

"Didn't Jimmy tell you?" she murmured. "You know Jimmy never tells anything. He did say you weren't well. But have you been very ill, dear?" The women had withdrawn, and he seated himself upon the bed.

WANTED THE USUAL FEE.
Witness Would Not Interpret Chénook to Please the Lawyer.

A good story was told lately of Commodore March, of March's Point, Fidalgo Island, whose ready wit is well known to the habitués of the Hotel Butler, and, indeed, all over the Sound. The Commodore was called as a witness in the Point Roberts dispute between the cannery men and the Indians, and the lawyer on the other side, with a "what-can-you-know-about-it air," put the question to him:

"How long have you been in this part of the country, Mr. March?"
Mr. March has a pretty chin, and he shaves his white whiskers to each side to show it off. When the question was so suddenly put, he softly caressed the pretty chin and slowly and meditatively said, as to himself:

"Forty, forty-five, fifty," and at length answered: "Fifty-five years."

"Fifty-five years!" said the lawyer, and then, as if he were addressing Christopher Columbus, asked:

"And what did you discover, Mr. March?"
"A dark-visaged savage."

"A dark-visaged savage, eh? Yes; and what did you say to him?"
"I said it was a fine day."

"Fine day? Yes, and what did he say to you?"
Mr. March rattled off a whole yarn in Chinook, and kept on, to the mirth of the whole courtroom, until peremptorily cut off by the gavel of the Judge.

"I asked you what reply the savage made to you, Mr. March. Please answer the question," said the irate cross-examiner.

"I was answering."
"Tell us what the savage said."
"That was what he said."
"Then tell it to us in English."
"Not unless I am commissioned by the Court to act as interpreter and paid the customary fee."

The lawyer thought a moment, looked at the Judge, who could not resist a smile, and said severely, "Mr. March, you may stand down."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Kickaway Boat.
Most striking among the many glimpses of Chinese people, places and customs given by Julian Ralph in a recent article in Harper's, is perhaps his description of the passing of a Chinese passenger-vessel worked by man-power through the agency of a treadmill.

This extraordinary craft went by at night, close enough to afford the American observer an excellent opportunity for observation. "It came throbbing and drumming up to and beyond us," he writes, "a great yellow box on a low, broad hull. Huge beams of yellow lamplight shot out of its many square windows upon the murky water beside it."

"Through the windows we saw the coolie passengers lying on bed-sieves, and next beyond them the long-coated gentry in round, button-topped skull-caps, smirking and gambling and lounging about. And then came a fair third of the broad boat, open at the sides, lighted by a smoky lamp, and filled with the ghost-like figures of many men, all walking, walking, walking, and yet standing in one place, as they clambered incessantly upon a treadmill that worked a great naked stern paddle-wheel, toward which they walked, yet which they never reached."

"The trunks of the spectral men dripped with perspiration. The feeble rays of the lamp were caught upon their sweating sides and shoulders, and reflected back. And when two or three turned their heads to look at our boat, the light leaped into their eyes, and made them coals of fire."

"There were twelve, or fifteen men, on the treadmill, though there might have been fifty, or none at all, but in their place a shapeless monster, all heads and legs and shadows, prisoned in a dark cell, and condemned to walk without rest to Sochow and back, and back again forever."

The appearance of this strange boat was, to the American writer and the artist accompanying him, something frightful, and the toll of the treadmill men a thing to shudder at; but to the Chinese passengers it seems quite natural and simple, as indeed no doubt it is. The coolies who kick these "kick-away boats," as they are called, over their route have certainly a hard task; but it is a question if it is harder, or as hard, as that of the stokers in the terrible hot depths of an ocean-going steamship, and if they are not, according to the standard of their country, equally well paid.

Paradise for Tramps.
A correspondent says that Australia is a paradise for tramps. They comprise about one-quarter of the population, and spend their life in traveling from one little colony or station, as it is called, to another. The name sun-downer is applied to them for the reason that the sun's setting is a signal for their coming. The stations being so far apart—twenty or thirty miles, or even more—the people have not the heart to send them adrift to the bush to go hungry for the night, and they are recognized as a necessary evil. The well-to-do farmers have usually a "traveler's hut," and regular rations are served out to these wayfarers, a pound of the inevitable mutton, a panikin or dipper of flour, the water bag refilled and a bunk for the night.—Chicago Chronicle.

Australian Rabbit Plague.
Australia has found it impossible to abate the rabbit plague. In New South Wales alone, 7,000,000 acres of land have been abandoned—£1,000,000 has been spent—and the only plan that has any good effect is wire netting, and of this 15,000 miles have been used.

No girl with a pretty mouth should ever say, "I just sassed him right back."

Travel with a Friend
Who will protect you from those enemies—nausea, indigestion, malaria and the sickness produced by rocking on the waves, and sometimes by inland traveling over the rough beds of ill-laid railroads. Such a friend is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Ocean mariners, yachtmen, commercial and theatrical agents and tourists testify to the protective potency of this effective safeguard, which conquers also rheumatism, nervousness and biliousness.

Dr. Lapponi, physician to the Pope, says: "If nothing unforeseen happens, the holy father's constitution is so sound that he may well attain his one hundredth year."

Hotel Orleans Not To Close.
There is no truth whatever in the report recently published in a number of Iowa newspapers that Hotel Orleans at Spirit Lake is to close on account of alleged trouble with the authorities over the sale of intoxicants. The rumor is without foundation and started in the face of a most prosperous season at the Lake by unprincipled enemies of the Hotel. The season is now at its height, the Orleans is well filled with guests and will remain open till Sept. 1st.

C. S. ABELL, Mgr., Hotel Orleans.
J. MORTON, G. P. & T. A., B. C. R. & N.

Adolphe d'Ennery, the French playwright, has tried in vain to keep secret the fact that he and his wife have resolved to bequeath 2,000,000 francs to the French actor's benevolent fund.

Hot Springs, S. D.
Special 30 day excursion from Sioux City July 24th, at 2:30 p. m. Rate for round trip, \$14.80. For particulars address H. C. CHEYNEY, General Agent, Security Bank Bldg., Sioux City, Iowa.

If good seed is put in good ground some of it will be sure to grow.

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